

# A N E L E G Y O N T H E Lord Viscount STAFFORD, BEHEADED this 29th. Day of December, 1680. O N TOWER-HILL.

A Pillar of the fatal Building's down,  
Which *Sampson* Death at last has overthrown;  
And now the whole fatal pyle begins to shake,  
And the *Phylistian*-Lords stout Hearts to ake:  
*Dagon's* great House, their fell *Conspiracy*  
To totter and to shake they now do see;  
And every *Plotter*, *Truth* and *Justice* dreads,  
Now Ruine's tumbling on their Impious Heads.  
Long with vain Hopes, they did themselves support,  
And with the *Gyant* Death, they made but sport;  
Their dear delightful *plot* they still did mind,  
And thought both *Death*, and *Justice* still were blind;  
Yes, they are blind, for they impartial are,  
They see not *Bribes*, and no Man will they spare:  
No more regard the *Greatest* than the *Least*,  
Cut down the *Guilty Lord*, as well as *Priest*,  
Thus *Stafford* fell, a pillar of the *plot*,  
Whose *Name* must now as in a *Dunghill* rot,  
And blotted be with *Infamy* and *Shame*,  
Once in the *English Annals* of great *Fame*,  
Joyn'd with the title of Great *Buckingham*.  
Tho' great he was in *Glory*, and in *pride*.  
He lost his Head, and on a *Scaffold* dy'd;  
*Stafford* of *Southwick* too, no better sped,  
Who at *Bridgwater* also lost his Head.  
But something may be said in their Applause,  
For both of them dy'd in a better Cause:  
The First, by th' bloody Tyrant *Richard* fell,  
The last, by th' Hands of such who did *Rebell*:  
But our *Stafford*, 'gainst whom *Justice* cries,  
For *Treason* 'gainst his *King*, and *Country* dyes.  
Sad is the *Exit*, I confess for *Him*  
Whose *Birth*, and *Greatness* do enhance his crime:  
When *He*, whose *Honour*, *Peerage*, and *Renown*,  
Should be *Supporters* to uphold the *Crown*.  
Forgetting *Honour*, *Oaths*, *Obligements* too,  
With traiterous Heart, *Rebellion* did pursue.  
O! could *Religion* to such *Crimes* persuade!  
And all the Rights of *Honour*, thus invade!  
What frantick *Spell* on *Conscience* could intrude?  
What Words of *Priests*, could *Honour* thus delude?  
Twas *Hell* it self, that blinded thus their eyes,  
With *Sorceries*, in *Fesuits* disguise,  
Who did persuade it was a *Glorious* thing,  
To cut the *Throat* of an *Heretick King*.

O let it be into *Oblivion* Hurl'd,  
And Banish'd ever from the *Christian* World;  
Let that damn'd *Doctrine* down to *Hell* descend,  
With every one that dares it to defend.  
O! poor deluded *Stafford*, that was brought  
By jugling *Priests*, to have so damn'd a thought;  
Who thought by *Horrid Crimes* to gain Applause,  
Advancing what he judg'd a *Glorious Cause*;  
For which he durst commit so strange a sin,  
To Kill his *King*, to bring's *Religion* in.  
But *God* who *Kings* infoldeth in his Arms,  
Kept ours safe from all their *Spells* and *Charms*,  
And may his *Eyes* be open now to see  
The horrid depth of all their *Treachery*:  
For *Stafford* now himself could do no less,  
Than th' horrid *Plot* (so long deny'd) Confess;  
So plain his *Guilt* did to his *Peers* appear,  
That fill'd him with *Confusion*, *Shame*, and *Fear*;  
That he could not like a bold *Fesuit* dye,  
Nor with their *Impudence* the *Truth* deny,  
And leave the *World* with a notorious *Lye*.  
If *pitty* could be unto *Traytors* due,  
The *World* would give it to your *Age* and *You*.  
But *Justice* for *Example* must be done,  
And *Law* like living streams, its course must run,  
For where 'tis stop'd, it swells beyond its bounds,  
And *Kingdoms* soon with its undation drowns.  
We hope that *Stafford* may his *Crimes* repent,  
And tho' not *Here*, elsewhere be *Innocent*:  
When all his *Earthly Crimes* are purg'd away,  
And he has better learn'd how to obey.  
We'll leave his *Soul* to *God*, but may he be  
Set for *Example* of foul *Treachery*:  
That *Traytors* by him, their *Reward* may Read,  
Who still for *Murther*, and for *Treason* Bleed.

F I N I S.

L O N D O N,  
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